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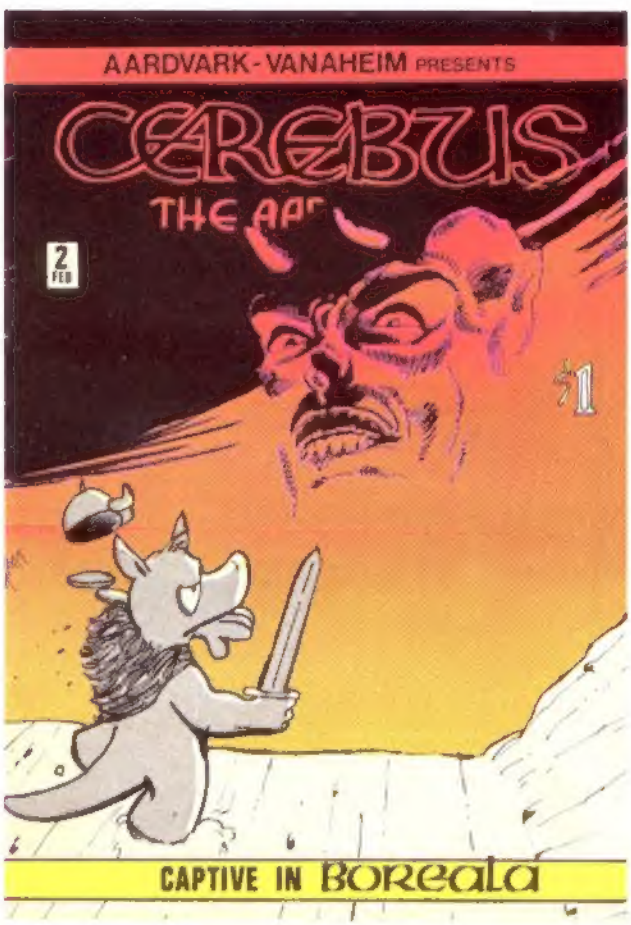
CEREBUS

bi-weekly



reprinting Cerebus number two (1978) in its entirety

December 16, 1988

CEREBUS
bi-weekly
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CIRCULATION
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DAVE SIM
President

KAREN McKIEL
Administrator

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The inside front cover of Cerebus 1 to 70 featured a 'Note from the Publisher' written by Deni Loubert. Dave Sim and Deni Loubert were married from October 6, 1978 to August 20, 1983. Deni Loubert currently resides in Long Beach, California and is the owner and publisher of Renegade Press, 2705 East 7th St., Long Beach, CA., 90804.

CEREBUS

A NOTE FROM THE PUBLISHER

In the beginning, it all seemed so simple.

Dave and I had talked over the concept, and I agreed to "be the publisher" through the fact that I could give financial and moral support when needed.

When did we ever mention conventions, though? Somehow, I never stopped to think that I'd have to introduce myself to total strangers, extolling the virtues of this comic book.

Luckily, I haven't had to push CEREBUS too hard. I've been amazed to find out that it can sell itself. But I do still have to make long-distance phone calls to insure delivery dates.

Despite the fact that I complain about it, I do enjoy meeting all these people, though. Comic book people, both the fans and the dealers selling the comics, are colourful in their own special way. For instance, on the way home from a convention in Toronto (where I was introducing CEREBUS to as many dealers as would listen to me) we stopped off at a restaurant to eat.

Now this isn't just three or four fans. This is a whole vanload of fans and dealers who have just had a full day of looking at and comparing comic books. We descended on that restaurant, hungry, tired and energetic as hell about comics. There were only a few other people in the restaurant at the time, and I fear they will never be the same. Gesturing wildly, and talking loudly about Road Runner cartoons and the various merits of different artists, we more than filled the place. At one point, I just had to sit back and take a good look at the scene. There was no way we could be ignored, and yet everyone there was too busy being caught up in his or her enthusiasm to notice that we were being a three ring circus for the benefit of those few patrons there.

Comics is a crazy business, but you know something? I wouldn't want to be anyplace else. That is if I had a choice. Which none of us do once the bug has bitten.

Deni Loubert

CEREBUS THE AARDVARK is published by Aardvark Vanaheim Press, Kitchener, Ontario, Canada, N2H 1C5. Published bi-monthly. Denise Loubert, publisher. All contents c 1978 Dave Sim. Printed by Moir Press and Fairway Press. Vol. 1 No. 2, February-March, 1978.

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The introduction below was written for **Swords of Cerebus**, six volumes of which were published reprinting Cerebus 1 to 25. It was written in 1981.

CEREBUS NO. 2 (February, March, 1978)

So there was one problem with Cerebus' first issue not being a total disaster; I now had to draw the second one.

On the preview page (which was scrapped with issue #7) of the first issue, I had drawn Cerebus wearing fur and standing on a snowy slope while a number of indistinct shapes moved menacingly towards him (as menacingly as indistinct shapes can move, anyway). I like the way Barry Smith drew the snow in "Frost Giant's Daughter" and (as I haven't mentioned yet) the name of the game at this time was "Look as much like Barry Smith as possible." Short of developing a mid-Atlantic accent (half New York, half London) I was doing my level best, and ripping off the two-page splash to "Frost Giant's" looked like a good bet to get the second issue off to a roaring start.

So sue me.

The Writer panicked when he realized he was going to have to come up with some more ha-ha. The Writer wasn't really enthusiastic about getting stuck with a job that entailed making up twenty-two pages of ha-ha every other month. His was a neat solution. Drop the ha-ha for the last thirteen pages of the second issue. I said it was a **neat** solution - I didn't say it was a **smart** solution. That presented him with a problem, though, in that the Penciller thought that it was a good idea to have ha-ha in **every** issue, right through to the end. A slightly more objective opinion, stemming from the fact that ha-ha is no more difficult to draw than industrial-strength serious.

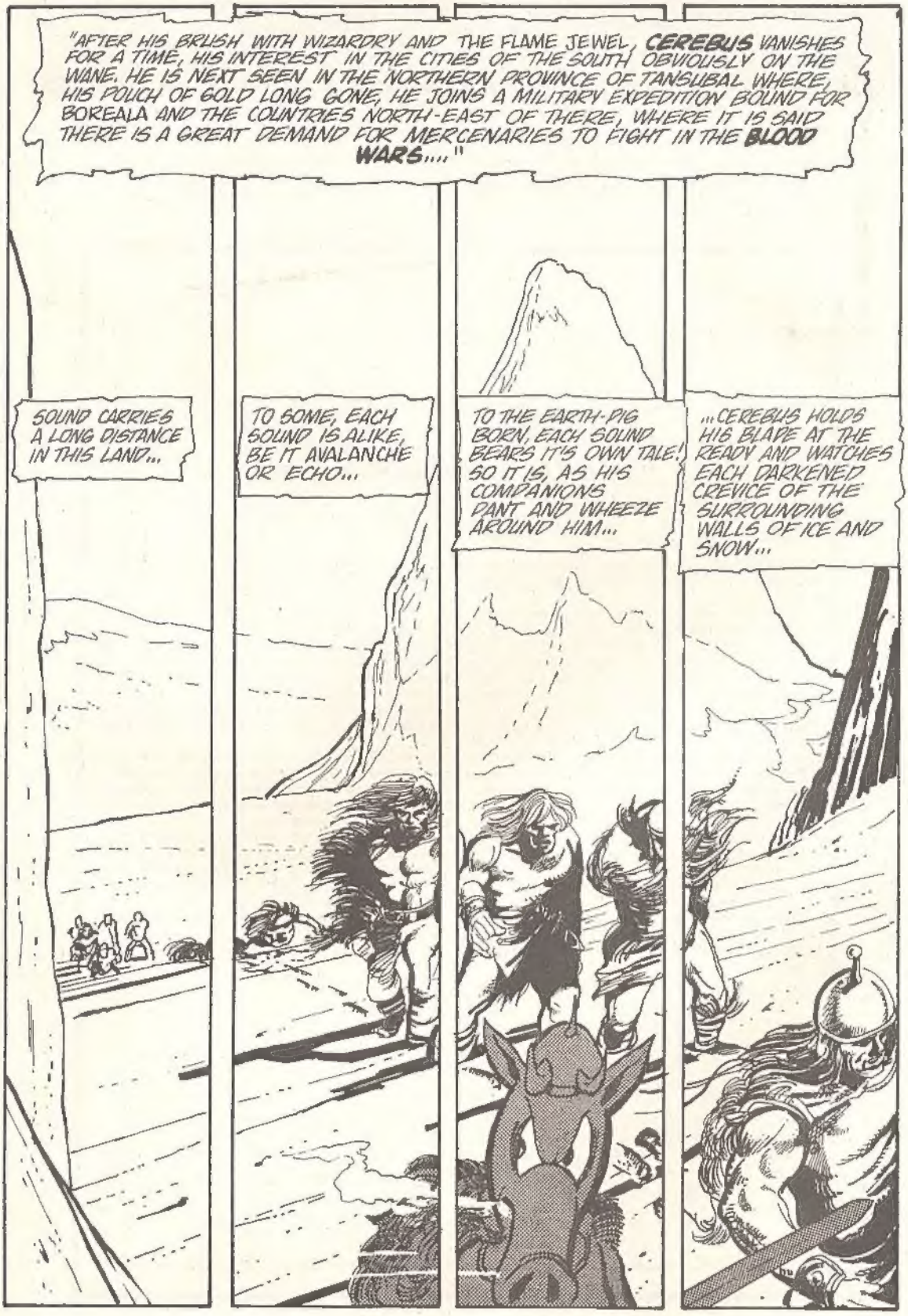
So the Penciller beat the Writer into submission and the Writer crawled off, tail between his legs, to write twelve pages of dialogue that would have Mel Brooks clutching his sides, right?

Nonsense. The Writer was smart enough to see that the Penciller and the Inker could be bought off. No fool he.

Maybe there was no difference between drawing ha-ha and drawing high-power serious, but there was a BIG difference between drawing twelve pages of buildings and people and snow and drawing twelve pages of Cerebus and rocks.

The Penciller and the Inker looked at each other, eyebrows raised and silly grins on their faces. The Writer had struck paydirt. He didn't have to write jokes and they didn't have to draw Barry Smith people and buildings for two weeks.

The Letterer was disgusted, but that's only because his workload stayed the same.


"AFTER HIS BRUSH WITH WIZARDRY AND THE FLAME JEWEL, CEREBUS VANISHES FOR A TIME, HIS INTEREST IN THE CITIES OF THE SOUTH OBVIOUSLY ON THE WANE. HE IS NEXT SEEN IN THE NORTHERN PROVINCE OF TANSUBAL WHERE, HIS POUCH OF GOLD LONG GONE, HE JOINS A MILITARY EXPEDITION BOUND FOR BOREALA AND THE COUNTRIES NORTH-EAST OF THERE, WHERE IT IS SAID THERE IS A GREAT DEMAND FOR MERCENARIES TO FIGHT IN THE BLOOD WARS...."
SOUND CARRIES A LONG DISTANCE IN THIS LAND...
TO SOME, EACH SOUND IS ALIKE, BE IT AVALANCHE OR ECHO...
TO THE EARTH-PIG BORN, EACH SOUND BEARS IT'S OWN TALE! SO IT IS, AS HIS COMPANIONS PANT AND WHEEZE AROUND HIM...
...CEREBUS HOLDS HIS BLADE AT THE READY AND WATCHES EACH DARKENED CREVICE OF THE SURROUNDING WALLS OF ICE AND SNOW...

THEY ARE ON THE EXPEDITION IN A MOMENT! FOUR ARE DEAD BEFORE ANY, SAVE CEREBUS, IS EVEN AWARE OF THE PRESENCE OF DANGER! THEY ARE BOREALAN MARAUDERS, MOST FEARED AND HATED OF THE THIEVING AND NOMADIC NORTHERN TRIBES...
THERE ISN'T EVEN TIME FOR A WARNING SHOUT! CEREBUS TURNS, HIS BLADE READY, AND HE, TOO, IS SWEPT UP IN THE FRENZIED BLOOD-LETTING!...
EVEN AS THE MARAUDERS' HEAVY SWORDS TAKE THEIR TOLL OF THE EXHAUSTED AND NEARLY FROZEN SOUTHLANDERS...

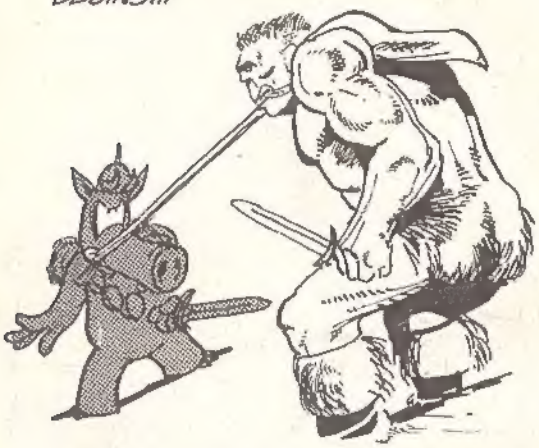
CAPTIVE in
BOREALA
...CEREBUS THE AARDVARK IS AMONG THEM, HIS BLADE, LIKE A WHIRLWIND, DISPATCHING THE RAGGED MARAUDERS WITH EACH THRUST...!
©1978 Dave Sim

SHEER NUMBERS ARE CEREBUS' UNDOING AND, MOMENTS LATER, DISARMED, HE GLOWERS AT HIS CAPTORS....
WHATEVER MANNER OF MAN OR BEAST HE MIGHT BE...
...HE IS A GOOD AND FEARLESS WARRIOR, MY CHIEFTAIN...!
LET HIM LIVE...
...WE CAN SELL HIM TO A FREAK SHOW IN GURANN!
CEREBUS RECOGNIZES THE PARANIAN LILT OF THE CHIEFTAIN'S WORDS AND SPITS A CURSE AT THE TOWERING NORTHLANDER...
...COMNE YE TAMA STET FEGRIA!
THE CHIEFTAIN NARROWS HIS GAZE....
...THE REFERENCE IS AN UNSAVORY ONE, ALLUDING TO FREAK SHOWS AND CERTAIN OF THE CHIEFTAIN'S BODILY ORIFICES...!

YOU HAVE MADE A GRAVE ERROR, ANIMAL! THERE IS NO REASON I SHOULDN'T KILL YOU FOR THAT...
...SAVE ONE...
...I AM A SWORD FOR HIRE -- AND YOU ARE IN NEED OF ONE...
THE CHIEFTAIN'S BROWS PUCKER AND HE FLASHES A SUDDEN GRIN...
WE HAVE SEEN YOU IN COMBAT AGAINST MANY FOES...
BUT WE KNOW NOTHING OF YOUR PROWESS AGAINST A SINGLE ENEMY...
IT IS UNDENIABLY A CHALLENGE AND CEREBUS RETURNS THE CHIEFTAIN'S STARE WITH HIS OWN STEELY GAZE...
PERHAPS YOU WOULD PERMIT ME TO PRACTICE ON ONE OF YOUR MEN?!
PERHAPS! YOU'D LIKE TO TEACH OUR "FRIEND" HOW TO KNIFE-FIGHT...
...WOULDN'T YOU, KLOG?...
unh? KNIFE FIGHT? JA!...
KLOG TEACH GOOD! hunh-hunh

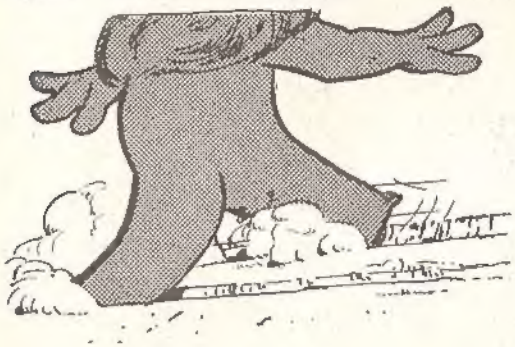
KLOG HAS AGREED TO YOUR CHALLENGE -- OUR LAWS STATE THAT YOU MUST FACE HIM IN THE SACRED DUEL OF THE LONG KNIVES!
SACRED TRADITION DEMANDS THAT YOU FIGHT WITH A TWO-FOOT LENGTH OF CLOTH HELD BETWEEN YOUR TEETH...!
unnh?
BY CLOVIS' BEARD!
MY CHIEFTAIN -- PERHAPS A SIX-FOOT LENGTH OF CLOTH WOULD BE MORE -- uh SACRED?
THERE IS WISDOM IN YOUR WORDS -- VERY WELL...
...SO BE IT!

MOMENTS LATER THE TWO ARE JOINED AND THE DEADLY DANCE BEGINS...



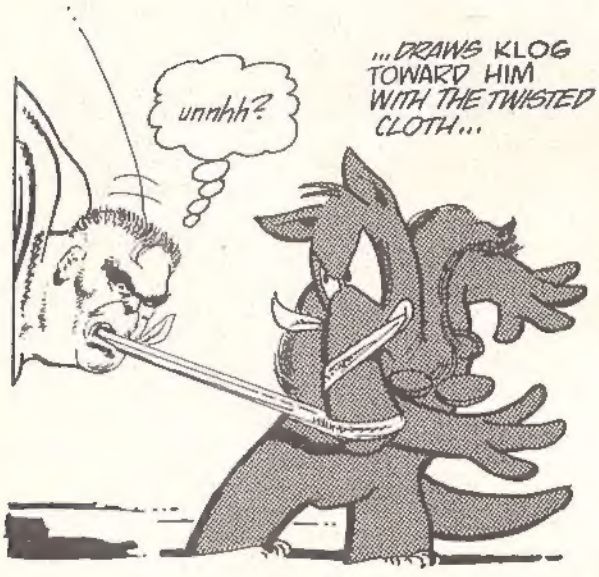
ABRUPTLY, KLOG TWISTS AWAY, THROWING CEREBUS FROM HIS FEET -- CEREBUS' KNIFE FLIES SEVERAL FEET AWAY...

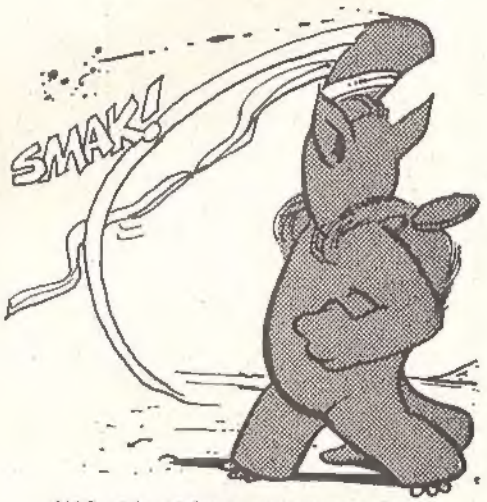
THE AARDVARK'S FEET AND TAIL FIND PURCHASE IN THE POWDERY SNOW AS HE PREPARES TO MEET KLOG'S CHARGE...



THE THRUST IS AWKWARD AND CEREBUS EASILY DODGES IT...

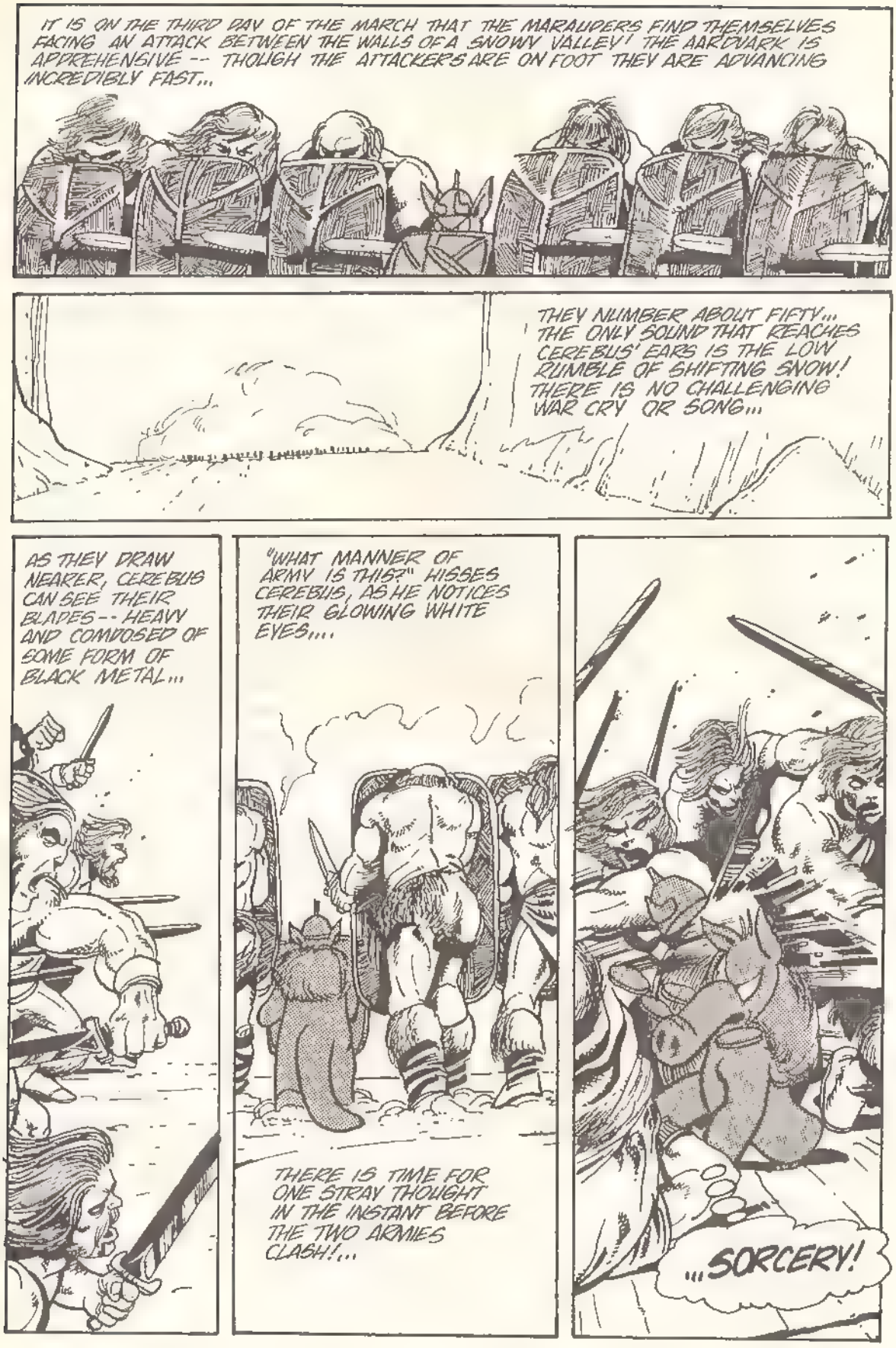
...DRAWS KLOG TOWARD HIM WITH THE TWISTED CLOTH...



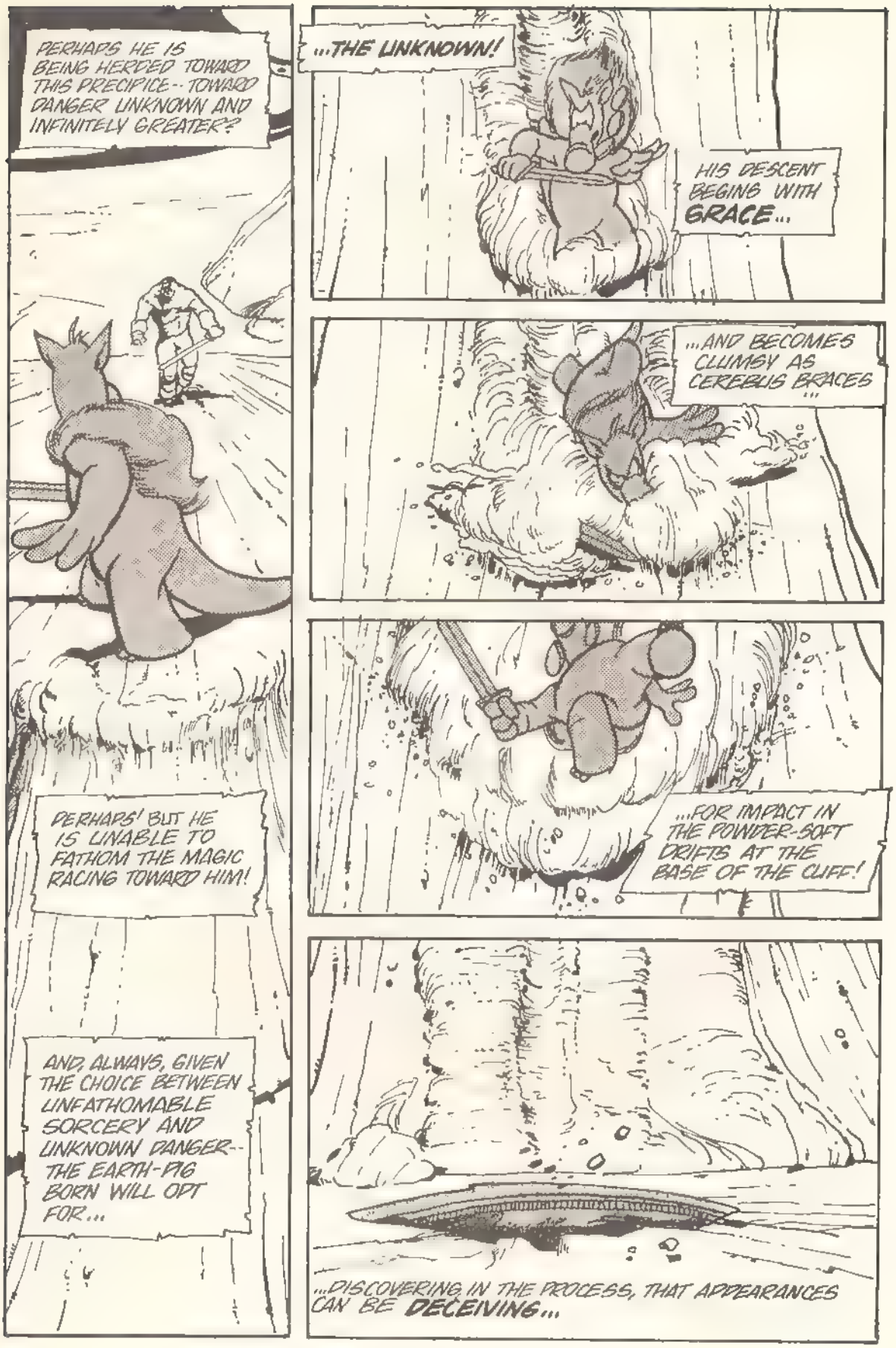


...AND UNLEASHES THE DREADED **EARTH-PIG SNOUT PUNCH!**

AS A SOUTHLANDER, YOU DOUBTLESS HAVE A MORAL CODE WHICH PROHIBITS YOUR KILLING AN UNCONSCIOUS FOE...
...THAT BEING THE CASE...
SACRED TRADITION DEMANDS...
...OH....
OUTFIT THIS MAN...or....
AARDVARK.
...AARDVARK FOR THE MARCH...
"THE MARCH".... THOUGH IT IS INTENDED TO BE MUCH LONGER, IT IS FATED TO LAST BUT TWO DAYS FROM THE TIME CEREBUS JOINS THE BOREALAN MARAUDERS...


IT IS ON THE THIRD DAY OF THE MARCH THAT THE MARAUDERS FIND THEMSELVES FACING AN ATTACK BETWEEN THE WALLS OF A SNOWY VALLEY! THE AARDVARK IS APPREHENSIVE -- THOUGH THE ATTACKERS ARE ON FOOT THEY ARE ADVANCING INCREDIBLY FAST...
THEY NUMBER ABOUT FIFTY... THE ONLY SOUND THAT REACHES CEREBUS' EARS IS THE LOW RUMBLE OF SHIFTING SNOW! THERE IS NO CHALLENGING WAR CRY OR SONG...
AS THEY DRAW NEARER, CEREBUS CAN SEE THEIR BLADES -- HEAVY AND COMPOSED OF SOME FORM OF BLACK METAL...
"WHAT MANNER OF ARMY IS THIS?" HISSES CEREBUS, AS HE NOTICES THEIR GLOWING WHITE EYES....
THERE IS TIME FOR ONE STRAY THOUGHT IN THE INSTANT BEFORE THE TWO ARMIES CLASH!...
...SORCERY!

A DECISION MUST BE MADE, CERBERUS REALIZES, EVEN AS A LOOMING FIGURE CUTS HIM OFF FROM THE BOREALANS!
ENSORCELLED THE BEINGS ARE... BUT THEIR MOVEMENTS ARE SWIFT ...TOO SWIFT FOR AN ANIMATION SPELL...TOO SUBSTANTIAL FOR CONJURE...
HE AVOIDS THE ATTACKER AS HIS EXPERIENCE DICTATES! THE SWORD-WIELDER LEAVES OPENINGS... SHOULD HE MATCH BLADES OR CONTINUE STAYING OUT OF REACH?...
AS THE SLOPE BENEATH HIS FEET INCREASES...
HE RECOGNIZES THE NEED TO DECIDE...
...AND SOON!


PERHAPS HE IS BEING HERDED TOWARD THIS PRECIPICE-- TOWARD DANGER UNKNOWN AND INFINITELY GREATER?
PERHAPS! BUT HE IS UNABLE TO FATHOM THE MAGIC RACING TOWARD HIM!
AND, ALWAYS, GIVEN THE CHOICE BETWEEN UNFATHOMABLE SORCERY AND UNKNOWN DANGER-- THE EARTH-PIG BORN WILL OPT FOR...
...THE UNKNOWN!
HIS DESCENT BEGINS WITH GRACE...
...AND BECOMES CLUMSY AS CEREBUS BRACES ...
...FOR IMPACT IN THE POWDER-SOFT DRIFTS AT THE BASE OF THE CLIFF!
...DISCOVERING IN THE PROCESS, THAT APPEARANCES CAN BE DECEIVING...

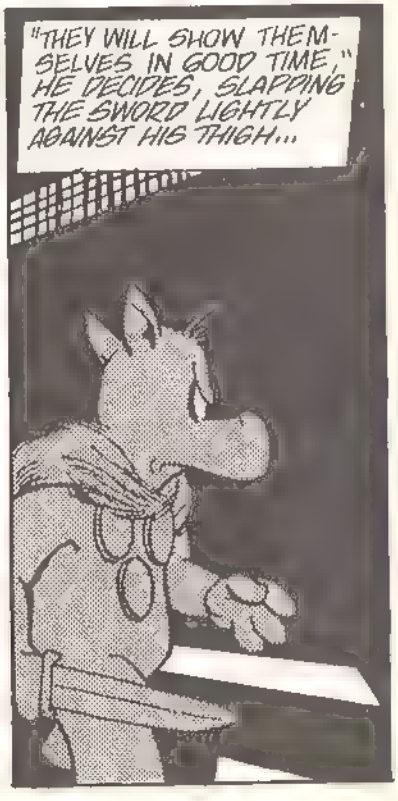
CEREBUS BLINKS IN THE MURKY DARKNESS, DISORIENTED MOMENTARILY BY HIS SITUATION -- IN A FEW SECONDS, HE RECOVERS...

THERE IS NO HOPE OF CLIMBING FREE HE CONCLUDES, NOTING FOOTPRINTS IN THE DUST AROUND HIM, THE PRINTS ARE ABOUT A WEEK OLD...

NEARBY, WRITINGS ON THE WALL ATTRACT HIS ATTENTION -- SOMETHING ABOUT TIME AND THE IMMORTALITY OF ALL BEINGS...
THERE IS NO CLUE AS TO ESCAPE ROUTES, AND HE READS NO FURTHER...

IF ANOTHER EXIT IS TO BE FOUND, IT IS BY INVESTIGATION! CEREBUS SETS OFF INTO THE SHADOWS ...
HIS EARS TWITCH AND SWIVEL AS HE WALKS...

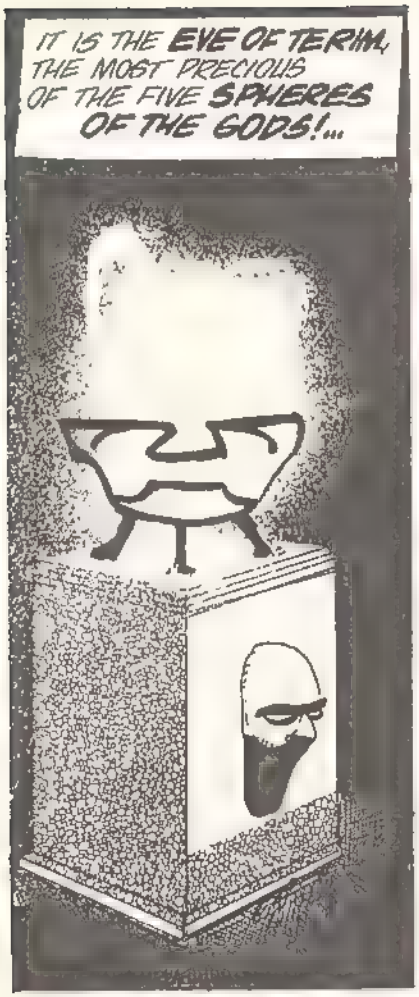
THOUGH NO SOUND BETRAYS THEIR PRESENCE THE AARDVARK IS CERTAIN OTHERS LURK IN THIS GLOOMY HALL...


"THEY WILL SHOW THEMSELVES IN GOOD TIME," HE DECIDES, SLAPPING THE SWORD LIGHTLY AGAINST HIS THIGH...

THE GLOOMY HALLWAY GIVES WAY TO EERILY LIT CAVERNS! CRUDE AND WATER SCOURED CARVINGS GAZE DOWN ON THE AARDVARK...
THE FLOOR IS UNEVEN...
...BUT CEREBUS HAS THE IMPRESSION OF GRADUAL DESCENT...
THERE IS THE SOUND OF DRIPPING WATER--OF HIS OWN ECHOING FOOTSTEPS...
AND ANOTHER SOUND...
A SOUND MUFFLED BY TONS OF ROCK! BUT A SOUND WHICH DOES NOT ESCAPE THE SENSITIVE EARS OF THE EARTH-PIG...
IT IS THE SOUND OF DEEP, SARDONIC LAUGHTER...

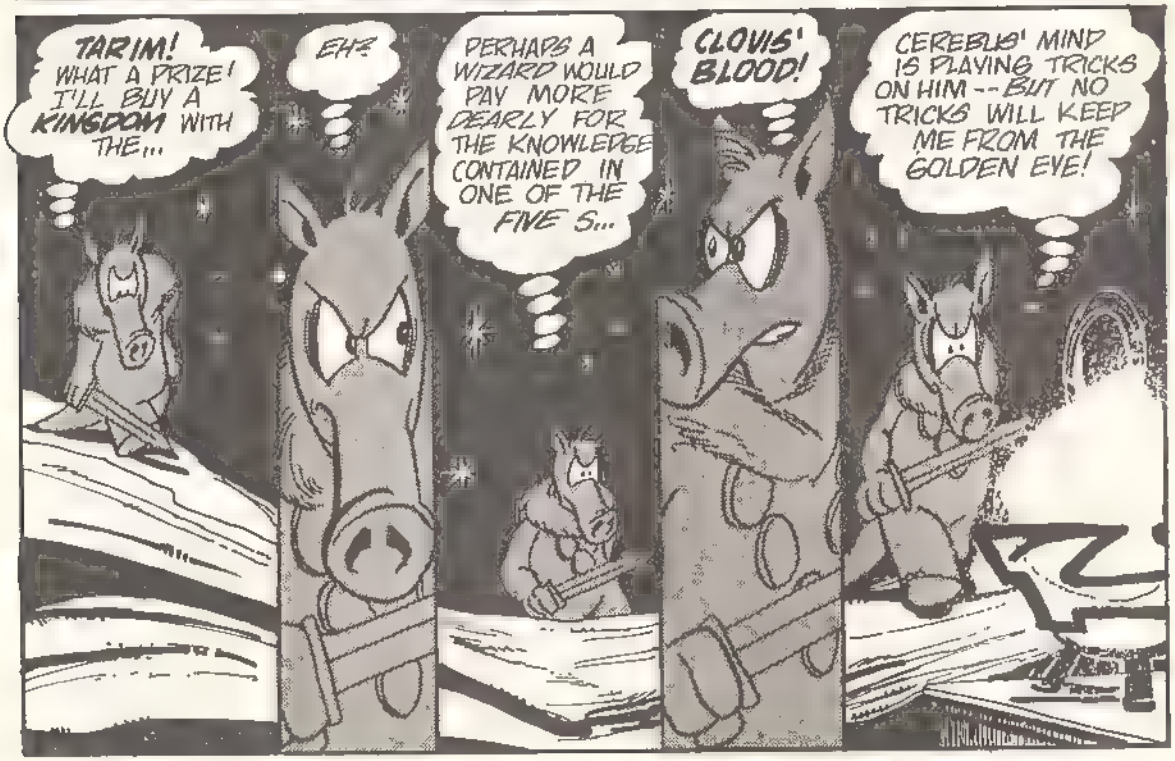
IN MID-STRIDE, THE AARDVARK STOPS, STUNNED!
CLOVIS' BEADS! "WITHIN THE EARTH IN DARK BOREALA LIES..." IMPOSSIBLE!
IT'S A LEGEND-- A CHILD'S FAIRY TALE
HIS SWORD CLATTERS TO THE STONE FLOOR AS CEREBUS SAGS AGAINST A STONE, HIS MOUTH AGAPE! "THE EYE OF TERIM, GOLD AND SHINING PRIZE-- NO MORTAL SHALL WREST THE GEM..."
HE RECALLS THE ANCIENT TOME-- WORDS OBLITERATED, PASSAGES DELETED BY THE JEALOUS PRIESTS OF TERIM!
"FROM CRIMSON CLAW OF THE DEMON KHEM!"
UNBIDDEN FEARS CLUTCH AT THE EARTH PIG'S SPINE...
KHEM! THE DARK DEMON!
I MUST FIND AN EXIT--HE'S HERE SOMEW--*!=
THEN COMES ANOTHER THOUGHT!
THE EYE OF TERIM!
...IT'S HERE!
THOUGH FEAR CLAWS AT HIS SPINE, IT IS GREED THAT TAKES POSSESSION OF IT!

THE PATH THAT HE TRAVELS IS WELL WORN ...
...BUT NO LESS TREACHEROUS FOR ITS AGE! HIS HANDS PASS OVER CARVINGS REPRESENTATIVE OF THE MANY FACES OF KHEM...
WINKING LIGHTS FOLLOW HIM, AS HE GOES, LIKE SMALL INSECTS...
THEY POSE NO THREAT, SO THE AARDVARK IGNORES THEM...
THE LIGHT GROWS IN INTENSITY AS HE NEARS THE BOTTOM...
CEREBUS NEARLY LOSES HIS FOOTING AS HE GETS HIS FIRST SIGHT OF IT...
THE LEGENDS HAVE NOT LIED...


IT IS THE EVE OF TERIM, THE MOST PRECIOUS OF THE FIVE SPHERES OF THE GODS!...

HIS EYES ARE RIVETED ON THE BALL OF GOLD FIRE! IT IS LIKE A SMALL SUN, BLAZING IN THE SHADOWS BELOW HIM...

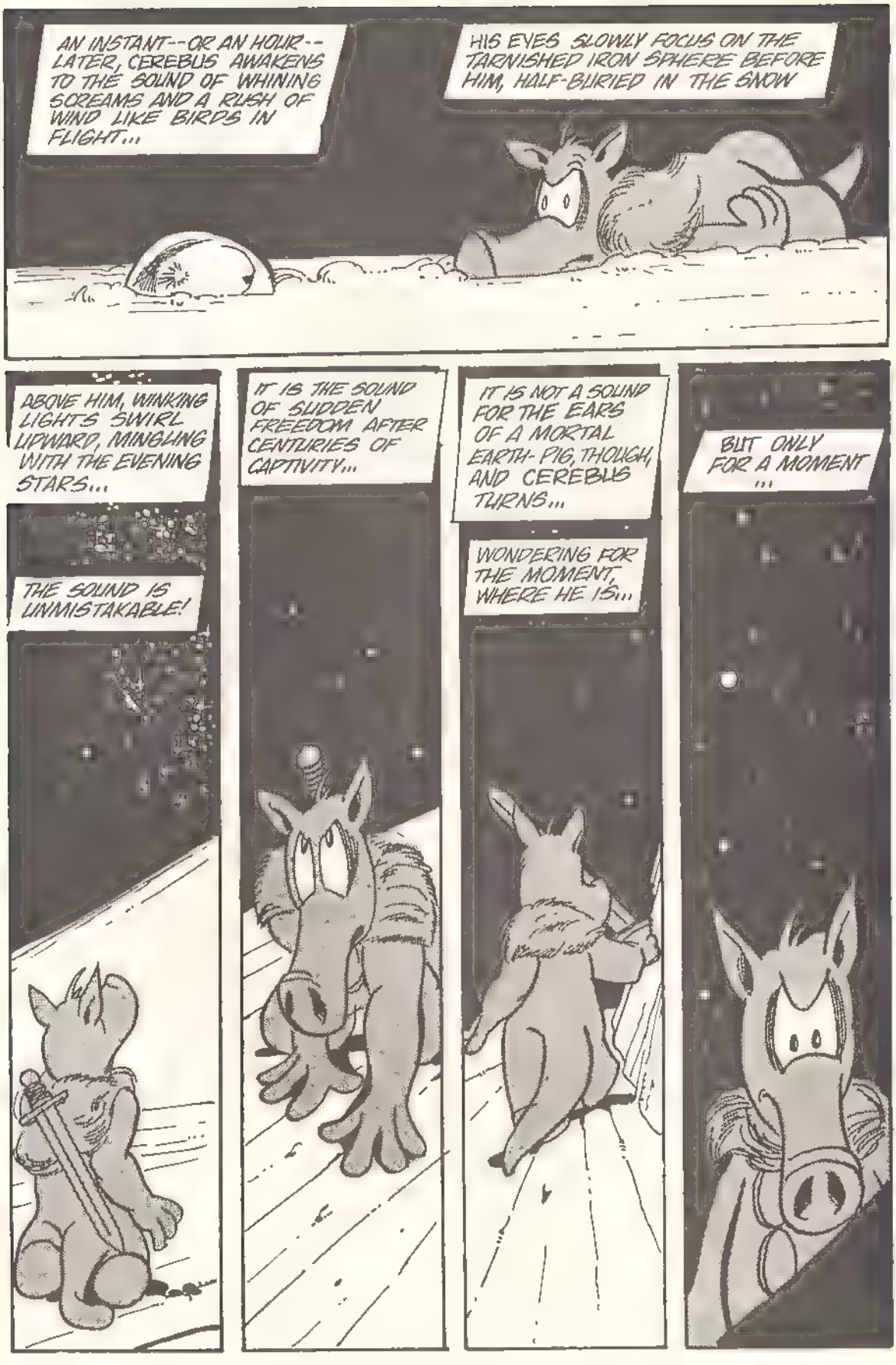
HE TRIES TO PICTURE THE PRICE THAT IT WOULD FETCH IN THE GURRANIAN MARKET-PLACE...
...AND A SMILE CROSSES HIS LIPS...


TARIM! WHAT A PRIZE! I'LL BUY A KINGDOM WITH THE...
EH?
PERHAPS A WIZARD WOULD PAY MORE DEARLY FOR THE KNOWLEDGE CONTAINED IN ONE OF THE FIVE S...
CLOVIS' BLOOD!
CEREBUS' MIND IS PLAYING TRICKS ON HIM -- BUT NO TRICKS WILL KEEP ME FROM THE GOLDEN EYE!

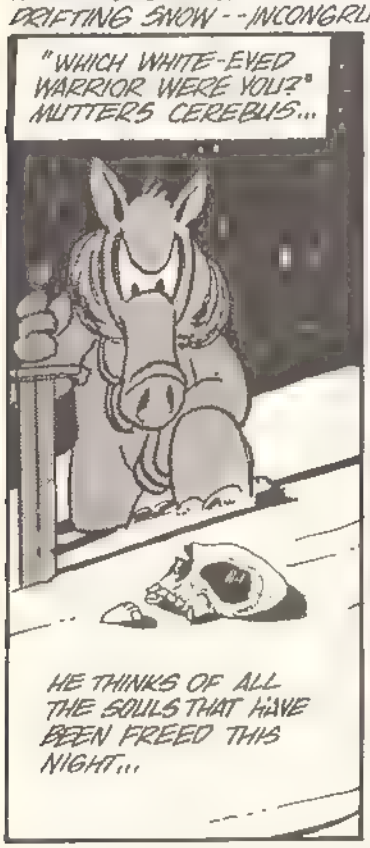
IT IS ONLY WHEN HE'S PAST THE ORB THAT THE AARDVARK NOTICES A DISTANT EXIT..
"KHEM SHALL HAVE TO FIND A NEW TREASURE TO GUARD," HE MUSES..
"FOR CEREBUS LAYS CLAIM TO THE EYE OF TERIM!"
THE AARDVARK SOON LEARNS THAT THE EYE OF A NORTHERN GOD IS WEIGHTY, INDEED...
CLOVIS' BEARD! HOW CAN SOMETHING SO SMALL WEIGH SO MUCH?
THE GLOW BLINDS HIM AND HE REELS DRUNKENLY ON THE STONES OF THE PATHWAY...
THE GLOWING MOTES HUM AROUND HIM LIKE THE INSECTS THEY RESEMBLE, INCREASING IN NUMBERS WITH EACH STEP THE EARTH-PIG TAKES...

THE PATH SUDDENLY DROPS AND THE AARDVARK STUMBLES !!!
...HIS FEET, FOR THE MOMENT, FINDING ONLY CRUMBLING STONES AND AIR!
THE PATH HE HAD SEEN WAS STRAIGHT! CEREBUS IS SUDDENLY HESITANT AS HE RECOVERS HIS BALANCE...
WHAT TRICKERY IS AFOOT HERE?
AS IF IN ANSWER, HE'S SUDDENLY AWARE AGAIN OF SARDONIC LAUGHTER...
...AND SOMETHING ELSE!
ENERGY! ENERGY LIKE A DARKLING LATTICEWORK WOVEN ABOUT HIS HEAD...
ENERGY--LIKE FINGERS WHICH PROBE HIS MIND; RENDING-- SEARCHING...
...CEREBUS WHIRLS
GONE IS THE BLINDING GLOW IN HIS HANDS--GONE, TOO, IS THE ILLUSION OF PURITY AND BEAUTY! IN IT'S PLACE ALL THAT REMAINS IS MIND-NUMBING, SPINE-CHILLING...
...REALITY!
BY CLOVIS' TEETH!

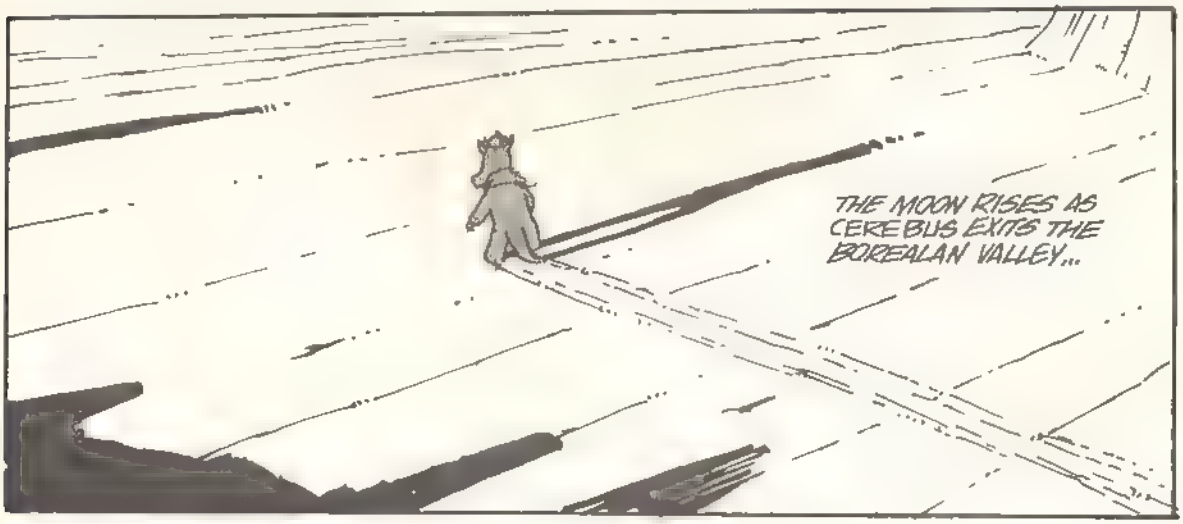
A SUCCUBUS! EVEN AS IT REACHES, CEREBUS CURSES HIMSELF FOR A FOOL FOR NOT REALIZING IT EARLIER...
THE TENTACLES REACH OUT-- REACH TO STEAL THE AARDVARK'S VERY SOUL...
FOR THE FIRST TIME IN CENTURIES A PREY HAS BROKEN THE SUCCUBUS' SPELL-- HAS SEEN IT IN ITS ORIGINAL FORM...
DEFENSELESS, IT SEEKS TO ATTACK CEREBUS, SHREDDING THE TISSUES OF THE AARDVARK'S MIND...DESPERATION MARKS THE SUCCUBUS' MOVEMENTS...!
THE NATURE OF THIS BEAST IS DIFFERENT FROM ITS OTHER VICTIMS--THE SOUL MUST BE FOUND BEFORE...BEFORE...
THE EARTH-PIG STUMBLES AND PLUNGES HEAD-LONG INTO THE UNKNOWN ONCE MORE...
STILL, THE TENTACLES FLIP AND DART ABOUT THE TUMBLING FORM SEEKING...SEEKING...
CEREBUS TWISTS, DISORIENTED...AWARE ONLY OF A PULLING, TEARING SENSATION...
WHERE IS ITS SOUL?
THE AARDVARK BOUNCES, SHRINKING BACK FROM THE TENTACLES! HE SEES THEM TWIST HELPLESSLY...
WHERE?
HE SEES THE WINKING LIGHTS RETURN, SURROUNDING HIM, AS HE DROPS INTO SPACE...
A MOMENT LATER, ALL GOES BLACK!...
NO! NO! NO!

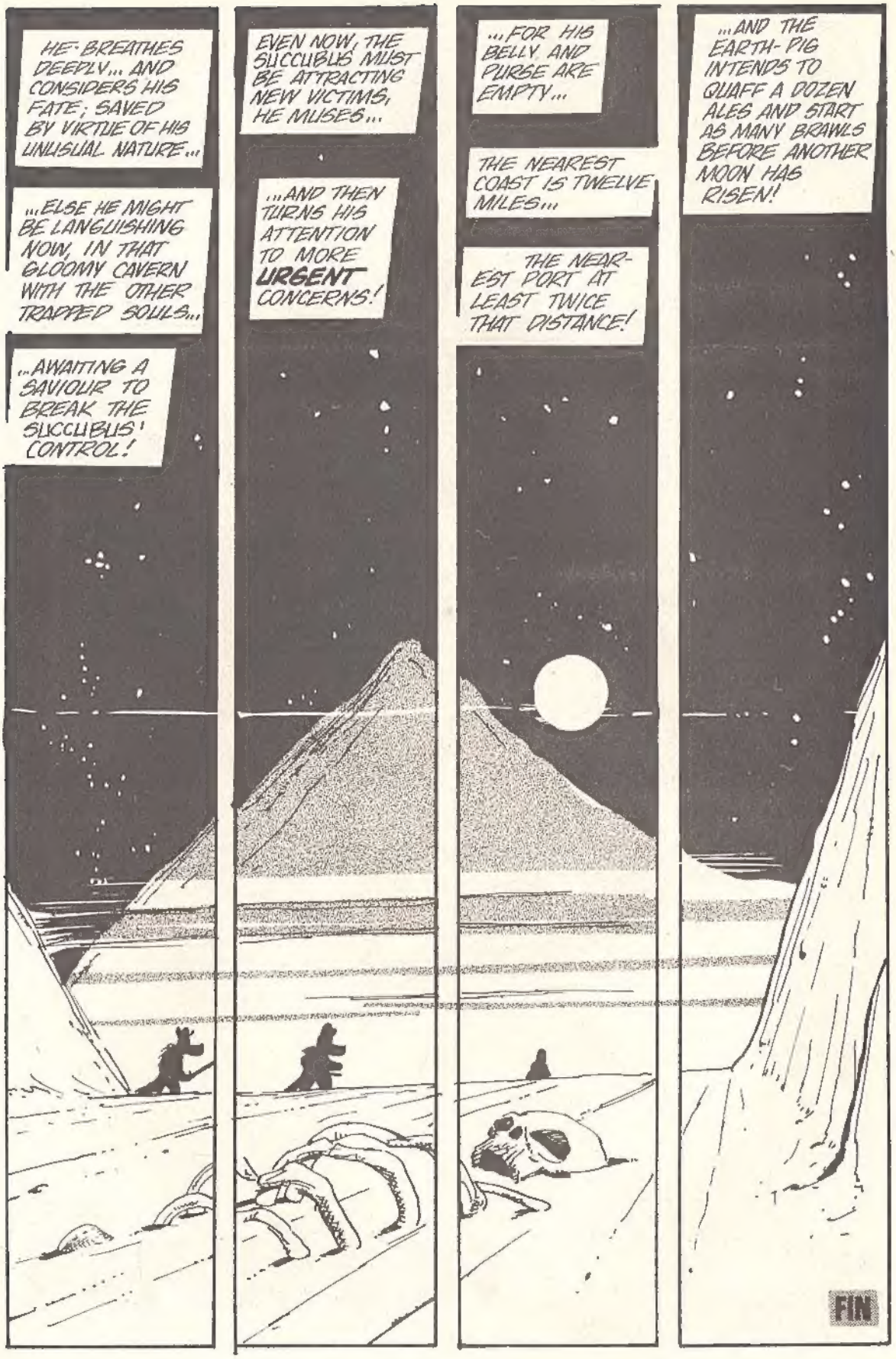

AN INSTANT--OR AN HOUR--LATER, CEREBUS AWAKENS TO THE SOUND OF WHINING SCREAMS AND A RUSH OF WIND LIKE BIRDS IN FLIGHT...
HIS EYES SLOWLY FOCUS ON THE TARNISHED IRON SPHERE BEFORE HIM, HALF-BURIED IN THE SNOW
ABOVE HIM, WINKING LIGHTS SWIRL UPWARD, MINGLING WITH THE EVENING STARS...
THE SOUND IS UNMISTAKABLE!
IT IS THE SOUND OF SUDDEN FREEDOM AFTER CENTURIES OF CAPTIVITY...
IT IS NOT A SOUND FOR THE EARS OF A MORTAL EARTH-PIG, THOUGH, AND CEREBUS TURNS...
WONDERING FOR THE MOMENT, WHERE HE IS...
BUT ONLY FOR A MOMENT ...

IT IS THE SITE OF THE DAY'S BATTLE! CORPSES ARE GRADUALLY BEING COVERED BY DRIFTING SNOW--INCONGRUOUS SKELETONS VISIBLE AMID THE BOREALAN DEAD...



HOW MANY OTHER SOULLESS WARRIORS HAVE CRUMBLED TO SKELETONS? HOW MANY OTHERS ARE AT LAST RESTING IN THE NEW FALLEN SNOW?--NO LONGER IN MINDLESS FLIGHT --NO LONGER DESTROYING ALL IN THEIR PATH?...




HE BREATHES DEEPLY... AND CONSIDERS HIS FATE; SAVED BY VIRTUE OF HIS UNUSUAL NATURE...
...ELSE HE MIGHT BE LANGUISHING NOW, IN THAT GLOOMY CAVERN WITH THE OTHER TRAPPED SOULS...
...AWAITING A SAVIOUR TO BREAK THE SUCCUBUS' CONTROL!
EVEN NOW, THE SUCCUBUS MUST BE ATTRACTING NEW VICTIMS, HE MUSES...
...AND THEN TURNS HIS ATTENTION TO MORE URGENT CONCERNS!
...FOR HIS BELLY AND PURSE ARE EMPTY...
THE NEAREST COAST IS TWELVE MILES...
THE NEAREST PORT AT LEAST TWICE THAT DISTANCE!
...AND THE EARTH-PIG INTENDS TO QUAFF A DOZEN ALES AND START AS MANY BRAWLS BEFORE ANOTHER MOON HAS RISEN!
FIN

NEXT ISSUE

SONG OF RED SOPHIA

CEREBUS
bi-weekly
December 16, 1988

All of the letters in Cerebus 2 were made up except for Frank Thorne's and Bruce Shane's because no letters had arrived by the time we needed a letters page. I felt so guilty I never did it again.

AARDVARK COMMENT

c/o AARDVARK-VANAHEIM, 48 WEBER ST. E., KITCHENER, ONT. N2H 1C5

Dear Dave:
Cerebus is the best thing I've seen of yours . . . a very successful parody of the genre and a difficult thing to pull off. Your irascible aardvark works perfectly in the context of the book. Blacks are solid, well-placed. The technique over-all was splendid. Nice story-telling.
Frank Thorne
Scotch Plains, N.J.

And to those doubters out there who figure I made this one up, I draw their attention to the dynamic rendering below which Mr. Thorne was kind enough to enclose. And which, I might hasten to add, now hangs proudly next to my drawing board.

Dear Aardvarks:
Congratulations on a nice looking first issue. Cerebus is the most interesting funny animal since Howard (whatsyamean Howard who? You know who I mean). Seriously, your parody was great — and is it just my imagination or does it read like Robert E. Howard's "Tower of the Elephant"? Clovis' Beard — when's the next issue coming out?
Ed Coates
Marchment, Texas

This is the second comment I've had on Cerebus one's similarity to "Tower of the Elephant". I can remember reading the story a long time ago and I guess elements stuck in the back of my mind. Glad you asked about next issue — it is available April 1st from Jim Friel, 130 E. Kilborn St., Lansing, Michigan, 48906 or Harry Kramer, 103 Queen St. S., Kitchener, Ontario.

Dear Deni and Dave:
Enjoyed your first issue of Cerebus — but I have a question. Who the heck is Clovis?
Tom Richards,
Niagara Falls, Ontario

Clovis is the pen name of Deni's brother, the noted sword and sorcery writer. Why Cerebus swears an oath to a noted sword and sorcery writer is a mystery best left to the ages.

Dear Cerebus:
All in all, a good first issue. I thought the plot was very good on the whole, and there were a couple of places that were really excellent, like 1) the splash panel 2) the wizard who was getting too old 3) the freak-out scene 4) Cerebus cutting in on the thief to inform him all he had was a walnut. Cerebus doesn't seem to be able to be hurt by sword (battle with the skeleton) or sorcery (the wizard and shadow beast), but how would he stand up against a bewitching female?
Arthur Graham,
Edmonton, Alberta

On his tippy-toes. Seriously, Cerebus does his stuff bewitching female-wise in next issue's "Song of Red Sophia" which will be available April 1st.

Dear Dave:
Cerebus is weak in immediate appearance as a comic book, and $1.00 seems too much . . . but I really enjoy your work, so my judgement doesn't count. Your "death of the Shadow-beast" is a piece of comic-genius. I would like to see Cerebus spied upon by this shadow-beast, the shadow beast hiding in his own shadow and the shadow beast taking on other forms. I really enjoyed how Cerebus killed the wizard, with eyes closed and the end was nice.
The story seems a lot like Ray Harryhausen/Charles Schneer's **7th Voyage of Sinbad**. Sinbad battled the evil-magician Koura's skeleton — that toppled over a high stair-well. And a large dragon stood in the entrance cave as Sinbad walked by.
I hope Cerebus is a great success. It occurs to me that Cerebus is great material for cartoon animation.
Bruce Shane
9312 19th Ave., No. 204
Adelphi, Md. 20783

Bruce Shane is editor and publisher of a fanzine called READER WRITTEN COMICS. Interested parties can get a sample copy for $.60 from RWC, Box 1606, Hyattsville, Md., 20788

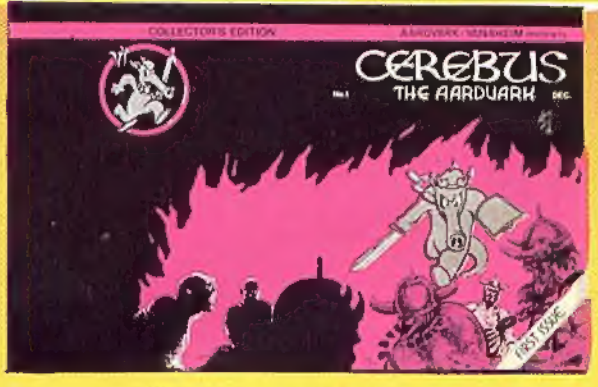
LATE NEWS: Cerebus fans on the U.S. East Coast now have their own outlet for CEREBUS THE AARDVARK. You can order copies from SEA GATE DISTRIBUTORS, Box 177, Coney Island Station, BROOKLYN, N.Y. 11224. Tell him an aardvark sent you.

CEREBUS, DID I EVER TELL YOU THAT YOU REMIND ME OF A CERTAIN CIMMERIAN AARDVARK I ONCE KNEW?!
GOOD LUCK DUKE!
FROM SOLOK AND FRANK

the original back cover to CEREBUS number two

aardvark stuff

CEREBUS no.1



Small quantities of **CEREBUS THE AARDVARK NO. 1** are still available. Featuring the first adventure of the untamed Earth-pig as he seeks the Flame Jewel battling sword and sorcery, this collector's edition will not last long. Only $1.25.

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